



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

1. 7. p. 3.

A N T O N Y

A N D

CLEOPATRA.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Eadbarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thidias,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmain,

Irás,

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

Antony





Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.



AY, but this Dotage of our General
O'erflows the Measure; those his good-
ly Eyes,
That o'er the Files and Musters of the
War,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now
bend, now turn

The Office and Devotion of their View
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the Scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his Breast, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gyplies Lust. Look where they come!

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good Note, and you shall see him,
The triple Pillar of the World, transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

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Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. There's beggary in the Love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heav'n, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay hear them *Antony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your Dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore hear it *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cæsar*'s, I would say both?
Call in the Messengers; as I am *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest *Antony*, and that Blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s Homager: Else so thy Cheeks pay Shame,
When shrill'd tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my Space,
Kingdoms are Clay; our dungy Earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleness of Life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On Pain of Punishment, the World to weet
We stand up Peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falshood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll seem the Fool I am not. *Antony* will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*,
Now for the Love of Love, and his soft Hours,
Let's not confound the Time with Conference harsh;
There's not a Minute of our Lives should stretch
Without some Pleasure now: What sport to Night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra

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Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every Passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last Night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I am full sorry that he approves the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope of
better Deeds to Morrow. Rest you happy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Soothsayer.*

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that
you prais'd to the Queen? Oh! that I knew this Hus-
band, which you say, must change his Horns with Gar-
lands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your Will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in Flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

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Sooth.

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent Fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no Names; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your Wishes had a Womb,
And foretel every Wish, a Million.

Char. Our Fool I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your Sheets are privy to your Wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to Night, shall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm prefages Chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nilus* prefageth Famine.

Iras. Go you, wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how — give me Particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an Inch of Fortune better than she?

Char. Well if you were but an Inch of Fortune better than I; where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's Nose.

Char. Our worser Thoughts Heavens mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow

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follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a Matter of more Weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee.

Char. Amen. Dear Goddess, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome Man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave uncuckolded; therefore dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Iras. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Eater Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to Mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman Thought had struck him. *Enobarbus.*

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt*]

Mes. Fulvia thy Wife, first came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that War had end, and the times state
Made Friends of them, jointing their Force 'gainst *Caesar*,
Whose better Issue in the War of *Italy*,
Upon the first Encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in the Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus, this is stiff News,

Antony and Cleopatra.

Hath, with his *Parthian* Force, extended *Asia*;
 From *Euphrates* his conquering
 Banner shook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
 And to *Ionia*, whilst —

Ant. Antony thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh, my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Tongue,
 Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.

Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s Praise, and taunt my Faults
 With such full Licence, as both Truth and Malice
 Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds,
 When our quick Winds lye still, and our Ills told us
 Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble Pleasure.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the News? Speak there.

Mes. The Man from *Scicion*, is there such an one?

Attend. He stays upon your Will.

Ant. Let him appear;

These strong *Ægyptian* Fetters I must break,
 Or lose my self in Dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

2 *Mes.* *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mes.* In *Scicion*, her length of Sickness
 With what else more serious,
 Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it.
 What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
 We wish it ours again; the present Pleasure,
 By Revolution lowring, does become
 The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
 The Hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
 I must from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
 Ten thousand Harms, more than the Ills I know
 My Idleness doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
 mortal

mortal an Unkindness is to them, if they suffer our Departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let Women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment; I do think there is Mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a Celerity in Dying.

Ant. She is cunning past Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempests than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a Show'r of Rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been bless'd withal, would have discredited your Travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it shews to Man the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: This Grief is crowned with Consolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that should water this Sorrow.

Ant. The Business she hath broach'd here in the State, Cannot endure my Absence.

Eno. And the Business you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your Abode.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. No more like Answers: Let our Officers
 Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
 The cause of our Expedience to the Queen,
 And get her Love to part. For not alone
 The Death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent Touches
 Do strongly speak to us, but the Letters too
 Of many contriving Friends in *Rome*,
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cesar* and commands
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry People,
 Whose Love's never link'd to the Deserver,
 Till his Deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities,
 Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r,
 Higher than both in Blood and Life, stand up
 For the main Soldier; Whose Quality going on,
 The sides o'th World may danger. Much is breeding.
 Which like the Courser's Hair, hath yet but Life,
 And not a Serpent's Poison. Say our Pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, require,
 Our quick Remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexis, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's:
 I did not send you. If you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing: If in Mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method, to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a Fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not, so, too far. I wish, forbear,
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I am sick and fullen.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

II

Ant. I am sorry to give Breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the Sides of Nature [*Seeming to faint.*]
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What is the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same Eye there's some good News.
What says the marry'd Woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come;
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed; yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true;
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? Riotous Madnes!
To be entangled with these Mouth-made Vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for Words: No going then.
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliss in our Brows bent, none our Parts so poor,
But was a Race of Heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soldier of the World,
Art turn'd the greatest Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy Inches, thou should'st know
There were a Heart in *Ægypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong Necessity of Time, commands
Our Services awhile; but my full Heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his Approaches to the Port of *Rome*.

Equality of two Domestick Pow'rs,
 Breed scrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
 Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
 Into the Hearts of such, as have not thriv'n
 Upon the present State, whose Numbers threaten,
 And Quietness grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate Change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* Death.

Cleo. Tho' Age from Folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from Childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy Sovereign leisure read
 The Garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
 See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false Love!
 Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful Water? Now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvia's* Death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The Purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give th' Advice. By the Fire
 That quickens *Nilus'* Smile, I go from hence
 Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
 But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
 So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
 And give true Evidence to his Love, which stands
 An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
 I prithee turn aside, and weep for her,
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the Tears
 Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
 Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
 Like perfect Honour.

Ant. You'll heat my Blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant.

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Ant. Now by my Sword —

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look prithee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one Word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it.
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it.
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your Subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To bear such Idleness so near the Heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honour calls you hence
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooth Success
Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go.

Come: Our Separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural Voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of Night in Revels; Is not more Manly
Thin

Than *Cleopatra*? nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
 More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
 Shall find there a Man, who is th' Abstract of all Faults;
 That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness;
 His Faults in him seem as the Spots of Heav'n,
 More fiery by Night's Blackness, Hereditary,
 Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
 Amiss to tumble on the Bed of *Ptolomy*,
 To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to sit
 And keep the Turn of Tipling with a Slave,
 To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet
 With Knaves that smell of Sweat; say this becomes him,
 As his Composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
 No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear
 So great Weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd
 His Vacancy with his Voluptuousness;
 Full Surfeits and the Driness of his Bones,
 Callon him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his Sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge,
 Pawn their Experience to their present Pleasure,
 And so rebel to Judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News.

Mes. Thy Biddings have been done, and every Hour,
 Most noble *Cas.*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cas.*: to the Ports
 The Discontents repair, and Mens Reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no less;
 It hath been taught us from the primal State,

That

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That he which is, was with'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth Love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide
To rot it self with Motion.

Mef. Caesar, I bring thee Word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
Make the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With Keels of every kind. Many hot Inrodes
They make in *Italy* the Borders Maritime
Black Blood to think on't, and flesh Youth to revolt,
No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: For *Pompey's* Name strikes more
Than could his War resisted.

Cas. Antony,
Leavethy lascivious Vassals. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, wherethou flew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy Heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with Patience more
Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beast would cough at. Thy Pallat then did dain
The roughest Berry on the rudest Hedge,
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The Barks of Trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didst eat strange Flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine Honour that I speak it now,
Was born so like a Soldier, that thy Cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cas. Let his Shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*: 'tis time we twain
Did shew ourselves i'th' Field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate Council, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To-morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,

Both

Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cas. Till which Encounter, it is my Business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad. I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be Partaker.

Cas. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha — give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of Time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch, *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highness' Pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no Pleasure
In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unfeminari'd, thy freer Thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy Horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!

Do bravely, Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arm
And Burgonet of Man. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
For so he calls me; now I feed my self
With most delicious Poison, Think on me
That am with *Phæbus* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the Ground, I was
A morsel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and die
With looking on his Life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd the last of many doubled Kisses,
This orient Pearl, His Speech sticks in my Heart.

Cleo. Mine Ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friends, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
This treasure of an Oyster; at whose Foot,
To mend the petty Present, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' Year, between the Extreame
Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided Disposition; note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the Man; but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their Looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his Remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his Joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly Mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The Violence of either thee becomes,

So

So do's it no Man else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several Messengers,
Why do you fend so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that Day,
When I forgot to fend to *Antony*,
Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Casár* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Casár*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Save the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Casár*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give the bloody Teeth,
If thou with *Casár* paragon again,
My Man of Men.

Char. By your most gracious Pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad Days,
When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood
To say, as I said then. But come, away.
Get me Ink and Paper,
He shall have every Day several Greetings, or I'll unpeo-
ple *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE in Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. **I**F the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The Deeds of justest Men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That which they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own Harms, which the wise Powers

Deny

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Deny us for our good ; so find we Profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :

The People love me, and the Sea is mine ;
My Powers are Crescent, and my arguing Hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* sits at Dinner, and will make
No Wars without Doors. *Cæsar* gets Money where
He loses Hearts ; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the Field,
A mighty Strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony* : But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lip,
Let Witchcraft join with Beauty ; Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming ; Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless Sawce his Appetite ;
That Sleep and Feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a lethied Dulness——

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius* ?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver :

Mark Antony is every Hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther Travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better Ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter wou'd have donn'd his Helm
For such a pretty War ; his Soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the Lap of *Ægypt's* Widow pluck
The near Lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together :

His

Antony and Cleopatra.

His Wife's that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained Cause enough
To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their Divisions, and bind up
The petty Difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest Hands.
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Enobardus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle Speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar's* Head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*
Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* Beard,
I would not shave't to Day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching.

Eno. Every time serves for the Matter that is then born
in't.

Lep. But small to greater Matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your Speech is Passion; but pray you stir
No Embers up. Here comes the noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

- *Eno.* And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia* —
Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep.

Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner Action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial Difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest Points with sweetest Terms,
Nor Curstness grow to th' Matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at.
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' World. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your Name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at my intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made Wars upon me, and their Contestation
Was Theme for you, you were the Word of War.

Ant. You do mistake your Business, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true Reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my Authority with yours,

And

And make the Wars alike against my Stomach,
Having alike your Cause? Of this my Letters
Before did satisfy you. If you patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your self, by laying Defects of Judgment
to me: but you patch up your Excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very Necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the Cause 'gainst which he fought;
Could not with graceful Eyes attend those Wars
Which fronted mine own Peace. As for my Wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third o'th' the World is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may Pace easie, but not such a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all such Wives, that the Men might
go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles *Cæsar*
Made out of her Impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of Policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much Disquiet, for that you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters; and with Taunts
Did beg my Mistle out of Audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' Morning: but next Day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him Pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our Strife: If we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The Article of your Oath, which you shall never
Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

Supposing that I lackt it : But, on *Cæsar*,
The Article of my Oath.

Cæs. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather :

And then when Poisoned Hours had bound me up
From mine own Knowledge ; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent with you. But mine Honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness, nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Wars here,
For which my self, the ignorant Motive, do
So far ask Pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a Case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The Griefs between ye. To forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need,
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the in-
stant, you may when you hear no more Words of *Pompey*
return it again : You shall have time to wrangle in, when
you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That Truth shall be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then : Your confederate Stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his Speech : For't cannot be,
We shall remain in Friendship, our Conditions
So differing in their Acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O'th' World, I would pursue it.

Arg. Give me Leave *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Arg. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's Side,
Admir'd *Octavia* ! Great Mark *Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your Proof were well deserved of Rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*; let me hear *Agrippa* further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts
With an unslipping Knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of Men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this Marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great Fears, which now import their Dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be Tales,
Where now half Tales be Truths: Her Love to both
Would each to other, and all Loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present Thought,
By Duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoken already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so;
To make this good?

Cæs. The Power of *Cæsar*,
And his Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good Purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of Impediment; let me have thy Hand
Further this Act of Grace: And from this Hour,
The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And sway our great Designs.

Cæs. There's my Hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*.
For

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For he hath laid strange Courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my Remembrance suffer ill Report;
At heel of that defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cas. About the *Mount-Misenum*.

Ant. What is his Strength by Land?

Cas. Great, and increasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the Frame,
Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Arms, dispatch we
The Business we have talk'd of.

Cas. With most gladness.
And do invite you to my Sister's View,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your Company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not Sicknes should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecenas*.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the Heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My
Honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agg. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that Matters are so
well digested: You stay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did sleep day out of Countenance,
and made the Night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wild boars roasted whole at a Breakfast:
And but twelve Persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but a Fly by an Eagle: We had
much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if Report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up
his Heart upon the River *Cydnus*.

B

Agg.

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Agr. There she appear'd indeed: Or my Reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The Barge she sat in, like a Burnish'd Throne
Burnt on the Water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-sick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The Water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own Person,
It beggar'd all Description; she did lie
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd Fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mer-maids tended her i'th' Eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Mer-maid steers; the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft Hands,
That yearly frame the Office. From the Barge
A strange invisible Perfume hits the Sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' Air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And make a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Egyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: She replied,
It should be better, he became her Guest;
Which she intreated. Our Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feast:

And

And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart,
For what his Eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to Bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publick Street.
And having lost her Breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make Defect, Perfection,
And breathless Power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor Custom steal
Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy
The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle
The Heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make your self my Guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will sometimes
Divide me from your Bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my Knee shall bow in Prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good Night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my Blemishes in the World's Report:
I have not kept my Square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good Night, Sir.

Cæs. Good Night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now Sirrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your Reason?

Sooth. I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; But yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose Fortune shall rise higher, *Cæsar's* or mine? [*Side.*]

Sooth. *Cæsar's*. Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his Thy *Damon*, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, Courageous, High, Unmatchable, Where *Cæsar's* is not. But near him thy Angel Becomes a Fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any Game Thou art sure to lose: And of that natural Luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lustre thickens, When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him: But he alway is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.* He shall to *Parthia*, be it art, or hap, He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our Sports my better cunning faints, Under his Chance; if we draw lots, he speeds; His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine, When it is all to naught: And his Quailles ever Beat mine, in hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*; And though I make this Marriage for my Peace, I'th' East my Pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready: Follow me and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your self no farther: Pray you hasten Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark *Antony*, will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep.

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Lep. Till I shall see you in your Soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, Farewel.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the Journey, be
At the Mount before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about,
You'll win two Days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick: Musick, moody food
Of us that trade in Love.

Omnes. The Musick, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My Arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a Woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a Woman. Come, you'll play with me. Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam. (short.)

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, tho't come too
The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine Angle, we'll to th' River, there
My Musick playing far off I will betray
Tawny-fin Fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry; when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your Diver did hang a salt Fish on his Hook,
which he with fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — Oh times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that Night
I laugh'd him into patience, and next Morn,
Ere the ninth Hour I drunk him to his Bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword *Philippan*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine Ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam! Madam!

Cleo. Antony's dead;

If thou say so, Villain, thou kill'st thy Mistress:
But well and free, if thou so yield him.

There is Gold, and here

My blewest Veins to kiss: a Hand that Kings
Have lipst, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, Madam, he is well.

[we use

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark,
To say the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering Throat.

Mess. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal Man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or Friends with Caesar, or not Captain to him,
I'll see thee in a shower of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thour't an honest Man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater Friends than ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam ———

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon but yet,
But yet, is as Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prithee, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear,

The

Antony and Cleopatra. 31

The good and bad together : he's Friends with *Cæsar*,
In State of Health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam ! no : I made no such sport.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mef. For the best turn i'th' Bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence horrible Villain, or I'll spurn thine Eyes

Like Balls before me ; I'll unhair thy Head :

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyre, and strew'd in Brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the News, made not the Match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud : the Blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to Rage,
And I will boot thee with that Gift beside
Thy Modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mef. Nay then I'll run :

What mean you, Madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The Man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents 'scape not the Thunderbolt :
Melt *Ægypt* into Nile ; and kindled Creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him ; Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These Hands do lack Nobility, that they strike
A meaner than my self : since I my self
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-Enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad News: give to a gracious Message
An Host of Tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my Duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say yes.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee, dost thou hold there

Mes. Should I lie, Madam? [still?

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A Cistern for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy Face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a Knave of thee,
That art not what thou art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandises which thou hast brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:

Lye they upon thy Hand, and be undone by 'em.

[Exit. *Mes.*

Char. Good your Highness patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* ——— 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the Feature of *Octavia*, her Years,
Her Inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go — let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Bring me word how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*;
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Coast of Italy, near Misenum.*

*Enter Pompey and Menas at one Door with Drum and
Trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching,*

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hadst considered, let us know,
If 'twill tie up thy discontented Sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall Youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great World,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made thee all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one Man but a Man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my Navy. At whose burden,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' Ingratitude that spiteful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy Sails:
We'll speak with thee at Sea. At Land thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's House.

But since the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present now you talk
The Offers we have sent you ———

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow
To try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me Offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our Targets undinted.

Omnes. That's our Offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man
Prepar'd, to take this Offer. But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience; though I lose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your Hand;
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gain'd by't.

Cas. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my Face;
But in my Bosom she shall never come,
To make my Heart a Vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I crave our Composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw Lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the Lot:
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* Cookery
Shall have the Fame. I have heard that *Julius Caesar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair Words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried ———

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Caesar* in a Mattrice.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy Hand,

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy Behaviour.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
You and I have known, Sir. [Treaty.]

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Exc.

Eno. I will praise any Man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by Water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own Safety: You have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service; but give me your Hand. *Menas*, if your Eyes had Authority, here they might have two Thieves kissing. [are.

Men. All Mens Faces are true, whatsoe'er their Hands

[*Eno.* But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steal Hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this Day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Caesar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the Wife of *Marcius Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Caesar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would not Prophecy so.

Men. I think the Policy of that Purpose, made more in the Marriage, than the Love of the Parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their Friendship together, will be the very estranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still Conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the Fire up in *Caesar*, and, as I said before, that which is the Strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. *Antony* will use his Affection where it is. He married but his Occasion here.

Men.

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Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard? I have a Health for you.

Eno. I shall take, it Sir: we have us'd our Throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Pompey's Galley.

Musick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Ser. Here they'll be, Man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least Wind i'th' World will blow them down.

2 Ser. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink Alms drink.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the Disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater War between him and his Discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fellowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no Service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where Eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the Cheeks.

Trumpets.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile By certain Scale, i'th' Pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if Dearth Or Famine follow. The higher *Nilus* swells The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsmen Upon the Slime and Ooze scatters his Grain, And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. You've strange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Ægypt, is bred now of your mud by

by the Operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some Wine! a Health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy's* Pyramids are very goodly things; without Contradiction I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a Word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in my mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy Seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a Word,

Pom. For me 'till anon,

[*Whispers in's Ear:*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own Organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the Tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this Description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from the Stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much Faith: what's else to say? Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These Quick-sands, *Lepidus*, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men.

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Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole World? that's

Pom. How shall that be? [twice.]

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor,
I am the Man will give thee all the World.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup:
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their Throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ay, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis Villany,
In thee 'thad been good Service: thou must know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy Tongue,
Hath so betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This Health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore,
I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid. [Lepidus.]

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, *Menas*. [Pointing to Lepidus.]

Men. Why? [not?]

Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! seest

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
that it might go on Wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feast.

Ant.

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Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the Vessels' hoar.
Here's to *Cesar*.

Cas. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous Labour
when I wash my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather
fast from all, four Days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the
Ægyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come let's all take Hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our Sense,
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take Hands:

Make battery to our Ears with the loud Musick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beat as loud,
As his strong Sides the volly.

Musick plays. *Enobarbus* places them Hand in Hand.

The S O N G.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye,
In thy Fats our Cares be drown'd:
With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the World go round,
Cup us 'till the World go round.

Cas. What would you more? *Pompey* good Night.
Good Brother

Let me request you off; our graver Business
Frowns at this Levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our Cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the Wind; and mine own Tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more Words, good Night.
Good Antony, your Hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the Shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your Hand.

Pom.

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Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's House.
But what, we're Friends? Come down into the Boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on Shoar.

No, to my Cabin — these Drums!

These Trumpets, Flutes! what!

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

[*Sound a Flourish with Drums.*]

Eno. Hoo says a! There's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead Body of Pacorus borne before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.

Ven. NOW darting *Parthia* art thou struck, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body
Before our Army; thy *Pacorus*, *Orcdes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilst yet with *Parthian* Blood thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy Head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough. A lower Place, note well,
May make too great an Act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our Deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.
Cesar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their Officer, than Person. *Silius*,

One

One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
 For quick Accumulation of Renown,
 Which he achiev'd by th' Minute, lost his Favour.
 Who does i'th' Wars more than his Captain can,
 Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
 The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choice of Loss
 Than Gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his Offence,
 Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
 A Soldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction:
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his Name,
 That magical word War, we have effected:
 How with his Banners, and his well paid Ranks,
 That ne'er-yet beaten Horse of *Parthia*
 We have jaded out o'th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; whither with what
 haste

The weight we must convey with's, will permit,
 We shall appear before him. On there, pass along. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one Door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone;
 The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
 To part from *Rome*: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
 Since *Pompey's* Feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
 With the Green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cesar*.

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*.

Eno. *Cesar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of Men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cesar*? Oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian Bird*!

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar*, go no further.

Agr.

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Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent Praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony* :

Ho! Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; ho,

His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder ———

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so —

This is to Horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*, [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good Fortune, worthy Soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a Wife

As my Thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Bond

Shall pass on thy appof. Most noble *Antony*,

Let not the piece of Virtue which is set

Betwixt us, as the cement of our Love,

To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter

The Fortune of it; for better might we

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be certain curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you;

And make the Hearts of *Romans* serve your Ends:

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest Sister, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy Spirits all of Comfort, fare thee well.

Oct. My noble Brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her Eyes, it is Love's Spring,

And these the Showers to bring it on; be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's House; and —

Cæs. What *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Hear, nor can
Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Down-feather,
That stands upon the Swell at full of Tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Caesar* weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse; so
is he being a Man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Caesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That Year indeed, he was troubled with a
Rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believ't 'till I weep too.

Cas. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go her thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my Strength of Love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cas. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewel, Farewel.

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty, *Herod of Jewry* dare not look
upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* Head, I'll have; but how? When
Antony is gone, through whom I might command it.
Come

Come thou near.

Mef. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the Face;
And saw her led between her Brother and

Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible. [fish.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of Tongue and Dwarf-
What Majesty is in her Gate? remember
If e'er thou look'st on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her Motion and her Station are as one:

She shews a Body, rather than a Life.

A Statue, than a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no Observance.

Char. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow has good Judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her Years, I prithee:

Mef. Madam, she was a Widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mef. And I do think she's thirty. [round?

Cleo. Bear'st thou her Face in Mind? is't long or

Mefs. Round even to Faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so,
Her Hair, what Colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her Forehead
As low as she would with it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former Sharpness ill,

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I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for Business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That I so harried him. Why methinks by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char.*
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, Nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd
Or did it from his Teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both Parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I shall praying, oh bless my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and destroys the Prayer, no midway
Twixt these Extreams at all.

Ant.

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Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best Love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine Honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so Branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, Lady,
I'll raise the Preparation of a War
Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
So your Desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me most weak, most weak,
Your Reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the World should cleave, and that slain Men
Should sodder up the Rifs.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your Displeasure that way, for our Faults
Can never be so equal, that your Love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuse your own Company, and command what Cost
Your Heart has mind to. [Exeunt]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made War upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old, what is the Success?

*Eros. Caesar having made use of him in the Wars
'gainst Pompey: Presently denied him Rivalty, would
not let him partake of the Glory of the Action, and
not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey. Upon his own Appeal seises him, so
the poor Third is up, 'till Death enlarge his Confine.*

*Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of Chaps no more,
and throw between them all the Food thou hast, they'll
grind the other. Where's Antony?*

*Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus; and spurns
The Rush that lies before him. Cries, Fool Lepidus,
And threatens the Throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*: more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently; my News
I might have told hereafter.

[*Exit* *Eros*.]

Eros. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E V. Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:

I'th' Market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold

Were publickly enthron'd; at the Feet sat

Cæsario whom they call my Father's Son,

And all the unlawful Issue, that their Lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'stabliment of *Ægypt*, made her

Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,

Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick Eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His Sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*.

He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: She

In the Habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*

That day appear'd and oft before gave Audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who queasie with his Insolence already,
Will their good Thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The People know it,
And have now receiv'd his Accusations.

Agr. Whom does he Accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His Part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate

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Should be depos'd, and being, that we detain
All his Revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cas. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone :
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Chance. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him Part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.

Oct. Hail *Cesar*, and my Lord ! hail, most dear *Cesar*.

Cas. That ever I should call thee Cast away.

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus ? yon came not
Like *Cesar's* Sister ; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of Horse, to tell of her Approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born Men, and Expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the Dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous Troops : But you are come
A Market-Maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our Love ; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd ; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented Greeting.

Oct. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free Will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal ; whereon I begg'd
His Pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord.

C

Cas.

Cas. I have Eyes upon him,
And his Affairs come to me on the Wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Cas. No, my most wronged Sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' Earth for War. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphus* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Matichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Aminas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends;
That do afflict each other.

Cas. Welcome hither;
Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent Danger; cheer your Heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives,
O'er your Content; these strong Necessities,
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the Mark of Thought; and the high Gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of Comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each Heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his Abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That Noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cas.

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Cæs. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these Wars;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we
be there in Person?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we should serve with Horse
and Mares together, the Horse were merely lust; the
Mares would bear a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your Presence needs must puzzle *Antony*.
Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's Time
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids,
Manage this War.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their Tongues rot
That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th' War,
And as the President of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a Man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the Negligent.

Ant. A good Rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of Men
To taunt a Slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. By Sea, what else ?

Can. Why will my Lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage his Battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Caesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these Offers,
Which serve not for his Vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People
Ingroft by swift Imprefs. In *Caesar's* Fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy : No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of War-mark'd Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises Assurance, and
Give up your self merely to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sails, *Caesar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of Shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th'Heart of *Actium*,
Beat the approaching *Caesar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Business ?

Mes. The News is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Caesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in Person ? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his Power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship.
Away, my *Thetis*.

Enter

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten Planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds? let th' *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to Conquer standing on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exe. Ant. Cleo and Enob.*

Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier thou art: but the whole Action grows
Not in the power on'r: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens Men.

Sold. You keep by Land
The Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?

Ven. *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,*
Publicola, and Cælius, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His Power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.

Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Torus*.

Can. Well, I know the Man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*. [*forth*

Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar with his Army marching.

Cæs. *Torus*?

Tor. My Lord. [*Battle*

Cæs. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exit.*

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæsar's* Battle, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

[Exit.]

Canidius marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and Torus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Thantoniad, the Ægyptian Admiral,
With all their fixty fly, and turn the Rudder:
To see't, mine Eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddeffes, all the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy Passion?

Scar. The greater Cantle of the World is lost
With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom Leprosy o'er,) i'th' very midst o'th' fight,
When Vantage like a pair of Twins appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder;
The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine Eyes did sicken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost;
The noble ruin of her Magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard,
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Manhood, Honour ne'er before,
Did violare so it self.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno

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Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Ean. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Caesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my Reason
Sits in the Wind against me.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come higher,
I am so hated in the World, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Caesar*.

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed Cowards
To run, and shew their Shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it — Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very Hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends, be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my Despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the Sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that Ship and Treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now —
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

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Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh *Juno*!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Empress.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of War; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen ———

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches,
Her Head's declin'd, and Death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving ———

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Aegypt*? see
How I convey my shame, out of thine Eyes,
By looking back, on what I have left behind
Stray'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails; I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. *Aegypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My Heart was to thy Rudder ty'd by th' string.
And thou should'st tow me after. O'er my Spi it
The full Supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

oCleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young Man send humble treaties; dodge
And

And palter in the shift of lowness, who
With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a Tear, I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a Kiss,
Even this repays.

We sent our Schoolmaster, is he come back?
Love I am full of Lead; some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers Blows. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VII. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæs. 'tis his Schoolmaster,
An Argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine Office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
He lessens his Request, and to thee sues
To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
A private Man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy Greatness;
Submits her to thy Might, and of thee craves,
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,

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Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cas. For *Antony*,
I have no Ears to his Request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him thro' the Bands: [*Exit Ambassador*,
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, [*To Thidias*.
And in our Name, when she requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but Want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd Vestal. Try thy Cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Cas.*, I go.

Cas. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flow,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. *Cas.*, I shall.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E VIII. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Olea. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his Will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled
From that great Face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The reach of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meer question. 'Tis a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee Peace.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his Answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the Boy *Cesar* send this grizled Head,
And he will fill thy Wishes to the brim,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That Head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose
Of Youth upon him; from which, the World should note
Something particular; his Coyn. Ships, Legions,
May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the Service of a Child, as soon
As i'th' Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*]

Eno. Yes, I ke enough: hye-battel'd *Cesar* will
Unstate his Happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Sword. I see Mens Judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all Measures, the full *Cesar* will
Answer his Emptiness; *Cesar* thou hast subdu'd
His Judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my Women;
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer;
And earns a place i'th' Story.

Enter

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæsar's Will.*

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our Master
Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cæsar's*. [*treats*

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* in-
Not to consider in what Case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh! [*Aside.*

Thid. The Scars upon your Honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained Blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows what is most right.
Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will ask *Antony*.

Sir, Sir, thou art so leaky

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for

Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Eno.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Cæsar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you would make a Staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*, [*lord.*
And put your self under his Shroud the universal Land-

Cleo. What's your Name?

Thid. My Name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind Messenger;
Say to great *Cæsar* this in disputation;
I kiss his conqu'ring Hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying Breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thid.

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Thid. 'Tis your noblest Course:
Wisdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No Chance may shake it. Give me Grace to lay
My Duty on your Hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar's* Father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his Lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd Kisses.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders.

[*Seeing Thidias kiss her Hand.*

What art thou, Fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest Man, and worthiest
To have Command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd. [Devils!

Ant. Approach there—ah you Kite! Now Gods and
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd *ho!*
Like Boys unto a Muff, Kings would start forth,
And cry Your Will. Have you no Ears?
I am *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the Hand of she here, what's her Name
Since she was *Cleopatra*— Whip him, Fellows—
'Till like a Boy you see him cringe his Face,
And whine aloud for Mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark *Antony* —

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cæsar's* shall
Bear us an Errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my Pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Gem of Women, to be abus'd

By

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By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord ———

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
But when we in our Viciousness grew hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise Gods seal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear Judgments, make us
Adore our Errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our Confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*, besides what hotter Hours
Unregistred in vulgar Fame you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take Rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My Play-fellow, your Hand; this Kingly Sea,
And plighier of high Hearts! — O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Bafan*, to out-roar
The horned Herd, for I have Savage Cause.
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd Neck, which does the Hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whip'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask Favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his Daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Hencetorth
The white Hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy Entertainment: look thou say,
He make me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And

Antony and Cleopatra.

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And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good Stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires,
Into the Abyss of Hell. If he mistake
My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Boudman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with stripes, begone. [Exit Third.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,
And it portends alone the Fall of *Antony*!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle Eyes
With one that tries his Points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah Dear, if I be so,
From my cold Heart let Heav'n ingender Hail,
And prison it in the Source, and the first Stone
Drop in my Neck; as it determines, so
Disseve my Life; the next *Cesar* smite,
Till by degrees the Memory of my Womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the discattering of this pelleted storm,
Lie Graveless, 'till the Flies and Gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for Prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

'*Cesar* sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our Force by Land
Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Floar, threat'ning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my Heart? dost thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I shall return once more
To kiss these Lips, I will appear in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine Hours

Were

Were nice and lucky, Men did ransom Lives
Of me for Jest; but now, I'll set my Teeth,
And send to Darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy Night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to Night I'll force
The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on my Queen,
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his Pestilent Scythe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the Lightning; to be furious
Is to be frightened out of Fear, and in that Mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captain's Brain
Restores his Heart; When Valour preys on Reason,
It eats the Swords it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his Army.
Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. **H**E calls me Boy, and chides as he had Power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Personal Com-
Cæsar to *Antony*. Let the old Ruffian know (bar,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,

When

Antony and Cleopatra. 65

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no Breath, but now
Make boot of his Distraction: Never Anger
Made good Guard for it self.

Cas. Let our best Heads know,
That to Morrow the last of Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony*! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To Morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Household Servants, let's to Night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy Hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd Tricks which Sorrow shoots
Out of the Mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Antony*, that I might do you Service,

66 Antony and Cleopatra.

So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night;
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his Followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to Night;
May be it is the period of your Duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled Shadow. Perchance to Morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good Service, stay 'till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep.
And I, an Ass, am Onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to Women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall; my hearty Friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your Comfort, did desire you
To burn this Night with Torches: know my Hearts,
I hope well of to-Morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown Consideration. [Exeunt.]

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

- 1 *Sold.* Brother, good Night: To Morrow is the Day.
- 2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the Streets?
- 1 *Sold.* Nothing. what News?
- 2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night you.
- 1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good Night.

[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 *Sold.*

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2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful Watch.

1 Sold. And you, Good Night, good Night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.]

2 Sold. Here we; and if to Morrow

Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of Purpose.

[Musick of the Hautboys is under the Stage.]

2 Sold. Peace, what Noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i'th' Air.

3 Sold. Under the Earth.

It sings well, do's it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who loved Antony,

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do hear what we do?

2 Sold. How now, Masters?

[Speak together.]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, Masters? Do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck: Eros, come, mine Armour. Eros,

Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thy Iron on:

If Fortune be not ours to Day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony,

What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my Heart; False, false; This this;

Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant.

68 Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seest thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy Defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To do't for our Repose, shall hear a Storm.
Thou fumblest, *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire.
More tight at this; Dispatch. O Love,
That thou couldst see my Wars to Day, and knew'st
The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst see
A Workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good Morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike Charge:
To Business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,

Early though't be, have on their Riveted trim,
And at the Port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The Morn is fair; good Morrow General.

All. Good Morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.

This Morning like the Spirit of a Youth
That means to be of Note, begins betimes.
So, so; Come give me that, what e'er becomes of me
Fare thee well, Dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful Check it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: Adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great War in single Fight;
Then *Antony* ——— but now ——— Well on. [*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy Day to *Antony*.

Ant.

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Ant. Would thou, and those thy Scars had once pre-
To make me fight at Land. [vail'd]

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this Morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy Heels.

Ant. Who's gone this Morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* Camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle Adieus, and Greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more Cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest Men. Dispatch, *Eros*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *Cæsar's* Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the Fight:
Our Will is *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous Day, the three-nook'd World
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Antony* is come into the Field.

Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his Fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt.]

Eno. *Alexas* doth revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade

Great

Great Herod to incline himself to *Caesar*,
 And leave his Master *Antony*. For this pains
Caesar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the rest
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable Trust: I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
 His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
 Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
 Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*.

I tell you true: Best you see safe the Bringer
 Out of the Hoast: I must attend mine Office,
 Or would have don't my self. Your Emperor
 Continues still a *Jove*.

[*Exit*]

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
 And feel I am so most. Oh *Antony*,
 Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better Service, when my Turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;
 In swift Thought break it not, a swiftest mean
 Shall out-strike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel;
 I fight against thee! — No, I will go seek
 Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
 My latter part of Life.

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV. Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Caesar himself has Work, and our Oppression
 Exceeds what we expected.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With Clouts abouts about their Head.

Ant.

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Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a Wound here that was like a T,]
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our Advantage serves
For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us score their Backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly Comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good Valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. *Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with
others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Guests; to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the Blood
That has to day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been
Each Man's like mine; you have shewn all *Hectors*.
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your Feats, whilst they with joyful Tears
Wash the congealment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. [To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her Thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all,
Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there
Ride on the Pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,

Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The World's great Snare uncaught?

Ant. My Nightingale,

We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
 A Brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can [ha've
 Get gole for gole of Youth. Behold this Man,
 Commend unto his Lips thy savouring Hand,
 Kifs it my Warrior: He hath fought to Day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankind had
 Destroyed in such a Shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,
 An Armour all of Gold; it was a King's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
 Like holy *Phœbus* Car. Give me thy Hand,
 Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
 Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them;
 Had our great Palace the capacity
 To camp this Hoast, we all would sup together,
 And drink Carowfes to the next Day's Fate
 Which promises Royal Peril. Trumpeters
 With brazen din blast you the Cities ear,
 Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines, [gether,
 That Heav'n and Earth may strike their sounds to-
 Applauding our Approach. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this Hour,
 We must return to th' Court of Guard; the Night
 In shiny, and they say, we shall embattel
 By th' second Hour i'th' Morn.

1 Watch. This last Day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witness, Night.

2 Watch. What Man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed Moon,
 When Men revolted shall upon Record
 Bear hateful Memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy Face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus?*

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno.

Eno. Oh Sovereign Mistress of true Melancholy,
The poisonous Damp of Night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart
Against the flint and hardness of my Fault,
Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,
And finish all foul Thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my Revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own Particular,
But let the World rank me in Register
A Master-leaver, and a Fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* Oh *Antony!* [Dies.

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The Hand of Death hath caught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard; he is of note,
Our Hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their Preparation is to-day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or in the Air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the Hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven, further on,
Where their Appointment we may best discover,
And look on their Endeavour.

[Exeunt.

Enter

D

Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I take't we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best Advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

[Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond Pine stands, I shall discover all.
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*
Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sails their Nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their Knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts,
His fretted Fortunes give him Hope and Fear
Of what he has, and has not. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VII. Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and carouse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my Heart
Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy uprise I shall see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake Hands—All come to this!—The Hearts
That pannel'd me at Heels, to whom I gave
Their Wishes, do dis-candy, melt their Sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is bark'd,
That over-top't them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soul of *Ægypt*! this grave Charm,
Whose Eye beck'd forth my Wars, and call'd them home:
Whose Bosom was my Crownet, my chief End,

Like

Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very Heart of loss.
What *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant!

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Cæsar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster like be shewn
For poor'd Diminutives, for Dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy Visage up
With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[*Exit Cleopatra*]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my Fury, for one Death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
The Shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage:
Let me lodge *Licas* on the Horns o'th' Moon,
And with those Hands that glaz'd the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his Plot: She dies for't. *Eros*, ho! [*Exit.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imbold.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
And send him Word you're dead:
The Soul and Body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
And word it, prithee, pitiously. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my Death to th' Monument.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. Cleopatra's Palace.

*Enter Antony and Eros.**Ant.* *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a Cloud that's Dragonish,
 A Vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lion,
 A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
 A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory
 With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,
 And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou hast seen these Signs,
 They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a Thought
 The Rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
 As Water is in Water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
 Even such a Body; here I am *Antony*,
 Yet cannot hold this visible Shape, my Knave.
 I made these Wars for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
 Whose Heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
 Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
 A million more, now lost; she, *Eros*, has
 Packt Cards with *Cæsar*, and false plaid my Glory
 Unto an Enemy's Triumph.
 Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
 Our selves to end our selves. Oh the vile Lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
 My Mistress lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
 With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, Peace, she hath betray'd
 And she shall die the Death. (me,

Mar. Death of one Person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
 Is done unto thy Hand; the last she spake
 Was *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!
 Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
 The Name of *Antony*; It was divided

Between

Between her Heart and Lips; she rendred Life
Thy Name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long Day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy Labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off
[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold Shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent, [*Unarming*
Crack thy frail Case. Apace, *Eros*, apace, *himself*
No more a Soldier——bruised pieces go,
You have been nobly born; from me a while. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture; since the Torch is out,
Lie down and stay no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then and all is done.
Eros!——I come, my Queen——*Eros!* Stay for me,
Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* shall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my Baseness. I, that with my Sword
Quarter'd the World, and o'er green *Neptune's* Back
With Ships, made Cities, condemn myself, to lack
The Courage of a Woman; less noble-minded
Than she which, by her Death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I am Conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable Prosecution of Disgrace
And Horrour, that on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'till *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
Put colour in my Cheek.

Eros.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
Though Enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Arms, bending down
His corrigible Neck, his Face subdu'd
To penetrative Shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see'r.

Ant. Come then; for with a Wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble Countenance,
Wherein the Worship of the whole World lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Cap'tain, and my Emperor. Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, Man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why there then——— [Eros kills himself.]
Thus I do escape the Sorrow of *Antony's* Death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself,
Thou teachest me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave Instruction got upon me
A nobleness in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my Death, and run into't
As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and *Eros*
Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus [Falling on his Sword.]

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead? —
The Guard — how! — oh dispatch me.

Enter Decretas and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my Work ill, Friends:

O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The Star is falln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead:

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dec. Thy Death and Fortunes bid thy Followers fly.

This Sword but shewn to *Cesar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Dec. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, Man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy Sword; and
give me

Sufficing Strokes for Death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,

My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophesying Fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your Rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the Truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I prithee.

Dio. What hoa! the Emperor's Guard.

The Guard, what hoa! Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last Service that I shall command you.

80 Antony and Cleopatra.

Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to
All your true Followers out. (wear

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing Antony.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.
SCENE *A Magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible Events are welcome,
But Comforts we despise; our size of Sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? Is he dead?

Dio. His Death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, born by the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying Shore o'th' World. O Antony! Antony! Antony!
Help Charmian, help Iras, help; help, Friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.
Not Caesar's Valour hath o'er-thrown Antony,
But Antony hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so.

Ant.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only
I here importune Death a while, until
Of many thousand Kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest Eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we must draw thee up—
Assist, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed; how heavy weighs my
Our Strength is all gone into heaviness, [Lord!
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* Power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Die when thou hast liv'd,
Quickened with kissing; had my Lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false Hufwife, Fortune, break her Wheel,
Provok'd by my Offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.
Of *Cæsar* seek your Honour, with your Safety—Oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my Hands, I'll trust.
None about *Cæsar*.

As 2. The miserable change now at my End,
I am not sorrow at: But please your Thoughts

In feeding them with those my former Fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' World,
The noblest once; and now not basely die,
Nor cowardly, put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going
I can no more—— [Antony dies.]

Cleo Noblest of Men——woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull World, which in thy Absence is
No better than a Styx? O see, my Women!
The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt——My Lord!——
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War,
The Soldiers Pole is fall'n: Young Boys and Girls
Are level now with Men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting Moon. [She faints.]

Char. Oh quietness, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded
By such poor Passion, as the Maid that milks,
And does the meanest Chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at th'injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theirs,
'Till they had stol'n our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is foolish, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it Sin,
To rush into the secret House of Death,
Ere Death dare come to us? How do ye, Women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian*?
My noble Girls?——Ah, Women, Women! Look,
Our Lamp is spent, it's out——Good Sirs, take Heart,
We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* Fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.

Ah,

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend,
But Resolution, and the briefest End.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's Body.*]

SCENE VII. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.

Cæs. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Dec. I am called *Decretas*.

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my Master, and I wore my Life
To spend upon his Haters. If thou please
To take me to thee; as I was to him,
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my Life.

Cæs. What is't thou sayest?

Dec. I say, Oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater Crack. The round World
Should have shook Lions into civil Streets,
And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Antony*
Is not a single Doom, in the Name lay
A moiety of the World.

Dec. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick Minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his Honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it
Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his Wound of it: Behold it stain'd
With his most noble Blood

Cæs. Look you, sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding
To wash the Eyes of Kings.

Dol.

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Dol. And strange it is,
The Nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted Deeds.

Men. His Taints and Honours weigh'd equal in him.

Dol. A rarer Spirit never
Did steer Humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some Faults to make us Men. *Cas*ar is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cas. O *Antony*!

I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining Day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together,
In the whole World. But yet let me lament
With Tears as sovereign as the Blood of Hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all Design, my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the Front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcilable, should divide our Equalness to this.
Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season——
The Business of this Man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my Mistress
Confin'd in all she has, her Monument,
Of thy Intents, desires Instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good Heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cas*ar cannot live to be ungentle.

Ægypt. The Gods preserve thee. [Exit.]

Cas. Come hither, *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no Shame: give her what Comforts
The Quality of her Passion shall require;
Left in her greatness, by some mortal Stroke

She

She do defeat us: For her Life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall.

[*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cas. Gallus, go you along; where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?

All. Dolabella.

Cas. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: He shall in time be ready,
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this War,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus.

Cleo. My Desolation does begin to make
A better Life, 'tis paltry to be *Caesar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's Knave,
A Minister of her Will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other Deeds,
Which shackles Accidents, and bolts up Change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dung,
The Beggar's Nurse, and *Caesar's*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair Demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy Name?

Pro. My Name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,

He

He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're falln into a princely Hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortune's Vassal, and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady,
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her 'till *Cesar* come.

Iras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good Hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languish?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Master's Bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: Let the World see
His Nobleness well acted, which your Death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no Meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle Talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal House I'll ruin,
Do *Cesar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinnion'd at your Master's Court,
Not once to be chastis'd with the sober Eye

Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting Varlotry
Of censuring *Rome*? rather a Ditch in *Ægypt*,
But gentle Grave unto me: rather on *Nilus'* Mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the Water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You do extend
These Thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done, my Master *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him. [*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony*;
Oh such another Sleep, that I might see
But such another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their Course, and lighted
The little o'th' Earth.

Dol. Most Sovereign Creature——

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Crested the World: his Voice was propertyed
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling Thunder. For his Bounty,

There

There was no Winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his Delights
Were Dolphin like, they shew'd his Back above
The Elements they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crows and Crownets: Realms and Islands
As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a Man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vye strange Forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your Loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits
My very Heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius and Attendants.

All. Make way there——*Cæsar.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel?

I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard Thoughts,
The Record of what Injuries you did us,
Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot project mine own Cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like Frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cas. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our Intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antony's Course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good Purposes, and put your Children
To that Destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cas. You shall advise me of all, *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possess of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my Lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisdom in the Deed.

Cleo. See *Casus*! Oh behold,
How Pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more Trust
Than Love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Soul-less Villain, Dog,
O rarely base!

Cas.

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding Shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own Servant should
Parcel the sum of my Disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy ! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment Toys, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and say
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their Mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred ? the Gods ! it finites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Prithee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my Spirit
Through th' ashes of my Chance : Wert thou a Man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do ; and when we fall,
We answer others Merits, in our Names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*,

Nor what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th Roll of Conquest still be't yours ;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your Thoughts your Prisons : No, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel : Feed, and sleep.
Our Care and Pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cæs. Not so, Adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright Day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste,

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my Love makes Religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cesar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three Days,
You with your Children will be sent before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your Pleasure and my Promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your Debtor.

Dol. I your Servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cesar*. [Exit.]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st
Thou, an *Ægyptian* Puppet, shalt be shewn [thou?
In *Rome* as well as I; Mechanick Slaves
With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick Breaths,
Rank of gross Diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their Vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy Lister
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a Tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexanarian* Revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking *Cleopatra* Boy my Greatness
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for am sure my Nails
Are stronger than mine Eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their Preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd Intents. Now *Charmian*,

Enter

Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen : Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go,
Now noble *Charmian* we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Dooms-day : bring our Crown, and all.

[A noise within]

Wherefore this Noise?

Enter a Guardfman.

Guardf. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness Presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Instrument
[Exit Guardfman.]

May do a noble Deed? He brings me Liberty.
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me; now from Head to Foot
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardfman, and Clown with a Basket.

Guard. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. *[Exit Guardfman.]*

Hast thou the pretty Worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
Party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal : those that do die of it, do seldom or ne-
ver recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than Yesterday, a very honest Wo-
man, but something given to lie, as a Woman should not
do, but in the way of Honesty. How she dy'd of the bi-
ting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very
good report o'th Worm : but he that will believe all that
they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but
this is most fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the Worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise People, for indeed there is no goodness in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the Devil himself will not eat a Woman: I know, that a Woman is a Dish for the Gods, if the Devil dress her not. But truly, these same whore-son Devils do the Gods great harm in their Women; for in every ten that they make, the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' Worm. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt's* Grape shall moist his Lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rowse himself
To praise my noble Act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give Men
To excuse their After-Wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements
I give to baser Life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

[*Applying the Asp.*]

Have I the Aspick in my Lips? Dost fall?
If thou and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of Death is as a Lover's Pinch;
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanquishest, thou tell'st the World
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——
If she approves the curled *Antony*,

He'll

He'll make demand of her, and spend that Kiss
Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal Wretch
With thy sharp Teeth this Knot intricate
Of Life at once untie : Poor venomous Fool,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* Afs, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern Star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my Baby at my Breast,
That sucks the Nurse asleep ?

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Air, as gentle.

O *Antony* ! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay——

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild World ? so fare thee well :
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lafs unparallel'd. Downy Windows close,
And Golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of Eyes again so Royal : Your Crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent——

[*Charmian and Iras apply the Asp.*

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach ho !

All's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*, call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here *Charmian* ? Is this well done ?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many Royal Kings.

Ah Soldiers ! ——

[*Charmian and Iras die.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy Thoughts

Touch their Effects in this ; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra.

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Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.
She levell'd at our Purposes, and being Royal
Took her own way; the Manner of their Deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Gent. Oh *Cæsar*!
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistress tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble Weakness!
If they had swallow'd Poison, 'twould appear
By external Swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong Toil of Grace.

Dol. Here on her Breast
There is a vent of Blood, and something blown,
The like is on her Arm.

1 Guard. This is an Aspicks Trail.
And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspicks leaves upon the Caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her Bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No Grave upon the Earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High Events as these
Strike those that make them; and their Story is
No less in Pity, than his Glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this Funeral,
And then to Rome: Come, *Dolabella*, see
High Order in this great Solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices, have printed and published several of *Shake-spear's* Plays, and, to screen their innumerable Errors, advertise, that they are printed as they are acted; and industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in defence of my self, that no Person ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me any such Copy or Copies; neither would I be necessary, on any Account, to the imposing on the Publick such useles, pirated and maimed Editions, as are published by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD,
*Prompter to his Majesty's
Company of Comedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*



